

# ORMUUS

*for the Soul*

Select Poems

Fahredün Shêhur

*inner child press, ltd.*

# Credits

Author

Fahredin Shehu

Editor

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Cover Art

Shuk Orani

Cover Design

William S. Peters Sr.  
inner child press, ltd.

# General Information

## ORMUS

Fahredin Shehu

1st Edition: 2021

This Publishing is protected under the Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the individual author and or artist. No part of this publishing may be reproduced, transferred in any manner without the prior ***WRITTEN CONSENT*** of the “Material Owner” or its representative, Inner Child Press International. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Law. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to the Publisher of Record.

### **Publisher Information:**

**Inner Child Press International**

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

Copyright © 2021: Fahredin Shehu

ISBN-13:978-1-952081-48-4 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 16.95



## *Disclaimer from the Editing Department*

In order to maintain the poet's authentic voice, this publication has not undergone the full standard scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge this collection for the author's own creativity and aspirations to convey the uniqueness of his written art.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.  
Director of Editing Services

# Table of Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	<i>ix</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>Dedication</i>	<i>xiii</i>

## The Poetry

Petrichor	3
-----------	---

Just a Slide of the Past	5
Aromas of the Past	6
Those Beautiful Seconds of the Past	7
Another Image of the Past	8
Mists of the Past	9
Aromatic Memories of the Past Age	10
Remnants of Another Eon	11
The Bottle of Age	12
The Wine Cellar	13
The Prayer Rug	15
The Velvet Notebook	16
“V”, the Sign	17
A Crimson Pillar	18



# Table of Contents . . . *continued*

## Aquamarine Clouds of Mystery 19

Inter-hearing	21
Let the Human . . .	23
The Tapestry of Being	24
Whom to Challenge	25
Integration	26
Complainers	28
A Strange Kind of Bliss	29
An Idyllic Winter Landscape	30
Older Than She Appeared	31
The Theurgist of Words	32
No Point	34
The Remnants of the Day	35
Worry-less	37
A Mere Passenger	38
The Shine – the Shrine	40
Ambrosia	42
This Dry-Day Age of Mine	44
Not Fewer Than Three Worlds	45
Some Prints	47
The Poet's Lullaby	48

## Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Sweltering Heat, Rain and Restlessness	52
Ribbons	54
The Rosary	55
To Name a Misery	56
The Difference	57
Bird Shades	58
Searching for the Man	59
It Is Felt	60
The Morass	61
The Protein War	62
The 25th Hour of the Day	64
An Image of our Winterreise	65
Three Fives by Nine	66
They Call It Perfume	68
The Lament of Earth	69
An Emerald Knoll	72
The Evocation of Beauteousness	73
How Could I Not Fall in Love?	76
Luminous Alloys with No Name	77
A Separate Memory of the Heart	78

## Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Talismanic Devices for the AI Age	79
The Wedding of Intelligencies	80
I Am Still Longing	81
One Day	83
The Ignored Sermon of the Parrot	84

## Epilogue 87

About the Author	89
What Others Are Saying . . .	93
Other Books by the Author	101
About the Artist	111



# Foreword

There is no better passport to travel nowadays than with a book of poems. Through it, we get to know people and it allows us to travel all over the planet, regardless of any border. This is the case of *Ormus*, Fahredin Shehu's book.

Every time and always,  
I recall the mossy ruins of my  
distant past where the soul  
wandered.

On the aquamarine velvet notebook,  
a heavy Pen writes harshly  
with blood instead of ink and  
straight letters for the curved world.

His pages contain in their verses a universal message that allows us to know it in all its magnitude. These poems that you are going to read contain time, memory, nature and love, integrated into a pure and meaningful language.

Dark forces wearing shinny accoutrements,  
blinding thus the easy goers and the poor

I heard every move,  
each of them releasing a weeping sound  
between Knowledge, Destiny, Experience and  
slides of Life's occurrences

*Ormus* refers to the land of the poet, a land that bleeds and flourishes with a strong hopeful breath, not only for her but for a world that blurs in torment.

What may a poet do for  
                                tomorrow  
Other than guess the future  
As a blind seer, thus,  
To ridicule and mock himself  
Of what the machine can't  
Calculate and call it Love

Other than guess the future  
As a blind seer, thus,  
To ridicule and mock himself  
Of what the machine can't  
Calculate and call it Love

Finally, the poet takes us on an inner, humanistic and existential journey, from which we return full, satisfied and with images to remember. But with a certain mandate, we too must do something. Hopefully in poetry.

# Esteban Charpentier

Poet

## Argentina



# Preface

This poetry collection is a fractal of my augmented soul; therefore, I wanted to entangle my readers in its vibration to elevate them to another state of consciousness. The book is a representation of the power of the kind of word that even the most sophisticated artificial intelligence cannot reproduce. Nothing new was intended to showcase despite the reflection of vision, dream, and the untold truth that each and every one of us possesses as a hidden gem deep within ourselves.

*Ormus* is an extract of gold, the monoatomic particles of gold that I used in my meditations to enhance higher states of consciousness. In this case as an author, I wanted to endow this *Ormus for the Soul* to those who through Love attain the Divine.

There are two, so to say, train tracks that made possible the birth of this artistic book which emancipated to the level of Theurgy and objective art (something to experience in hush, serenity, solitude while being united with the universal reality of synchronicity and quantum reality). The first one was inspired by the following quote from Arthur Schonberg: “If it is art, it is not for all, and if it is for all, it is not art.” As for the second path, it

was shaped by my desire to create as genuine a book of poetry as I have not written before, and as something that cannot be reproduced in the future.

In *Ormus*, the reader has the opportunity to touch and tackle the most subtle partiture of the infrasonic music of the soul the frequencies of which shall vibrate from the outer to the kernel of Hesh (“Hesh” stands for androgynous, a joint male and female entity that is just like the Soul and Light in themselves).

All I wish here is to thank all whom I have encountered either virtually or in person, by the vibration of whom the invisible tapestry of creation took a visible form. My thanks also go to those who contributed either with their reviews, words of dedication, art work, editing and publishing in order for the reader to have a piece of our souls. *Ormus* is another tribute to humanity and an example that good deeds and togetherness may create a synergy and beautiful art in its full beauty.

# Dedication

B.H. or Before Humanity

A poem by Tarık Günersel

Dedicated to Fahredin Shehu



B.H.

*to Fahredin Shehu*

a quiet evening

new moon

a friendly wind

can a little waterfall

turn into Niagara

and all the mountains and forests

of the planet

here

happening

the modest stream

is becoming

an ocean

as we look

reflecting green branches

embracing small mossy rocks

unpretentious freshness

as if

these were the times

B.H.

Before Humanity

witnessing

the monthly visit of our good old neighbor

a rebirth

of

not only Rahovec

Kosovo

Earth

but Nature

as a scattered whole

with its dynamic tranquility

wondering breaths



are becoming  
rivers  
the little waterfall  
is now poetry  
word free  
with a brand-new moon  
enjoying clarity  
flowing together

## Tarık Günersel

Poet, playwright, actor and director who worked at Istanbul City Theater as a dramaturge. His works include *Breaths of Infinity* (*Sonsuzluk Solukları*, a mosaic of poems), *My 300th Birthday Speech* (short stories), and *Becoming* (*Oluşmak*, a collection of his aphorisms and various ideas from world wisdom). His plays include *Billennium*, *Nero and Agrippina*, *Sociology of Shit*, *Threat*, and *Virtually Yours*. He has written four libretti for the composer Selman Ada: *Ali Baba&40*, *Blue Dot*, *Forbidden Love*, and *Another Planet*. His translations into Turkish include works by Arthur Miller, Samuel Beckett, Vaclav Havel and Savyon Liebrecht. His presentation of World Poetry Day to PEN International in 1997 led to its adoption by UNESCO. Günersel is the former president of PEN Turkey Center, has served in the PEN International Board between 2010 and 2012 in Tokyo, and initiated the Earth Civilization Project with various intellectuals from around the world in 2013.



The Poetry

# Ormus

Petrìchor

# Orinus

*the Earth smell after the rain . . .  
a splendid Petrichor brings  
Eons back to life, to my life  
brings a primordial vigor  
for eternity and a day more*

## Just a Slide of the Past

Out of those petty memoires  
the muslin of experiences  
unfolded, fluttering on  
the light wind one could  
believe  
is a zephyr that  
brought  
all aromas  
of tiny linden  
flowers from afar

It is as we all forgot  
the bloodshed caused  
by human  
depositing suffering  
preserving it  
for another age

. . . and the day will come  
for me to stand firm  
while the dark wind couldn't  
bring down my extremities of gold  
I am sure you've heard the story  
of immoral queen and  
an immaculate who brought for  
a man. A mercy for  
the Mankind – confused men  
among all . . .  
and all we need is  
awareness and let the singers  
sing and get the praise

## Aromas of the Past

Summer nights  
and the full moon  
on the balcony we enjoyed  
herb tea and I can still  
hear the knocking  
of the metallic spoon  
on the bottom of  
the porcelain mug  
mixing honey – stirring with the tea

A firefly landed  
on my arm  
the right arm with the thrilled  
skin, goose bombs and erected hair

I didn't believe in omens  
not even today I read  
the dreams with the  
vocabulary of Men

Beneath the balcony  
huge terracotta amphorae kept  
the decaying Iris tuberosa  
in their sixth year  
one more year – one more Me  
closing the glass lids above  
amphorae and above them  
pots of succulents

They were the days  
they were the nights when  
the life had the human meaning

## Those Beautiful Seconds of the Past

He brought a handful  
of Tonka beans for the base

She evaporated all liquids  
from the petals of jasmine  
and dried pistils of the saffron

I collected the dews early  
in the morning,  
observed and guessed  
which star tonight shall  
climb to the sky and  
decorate it  
darker than the ink it was  
in those Times. With what shall I  
blur tonight? With what shall I quench  
my thirst for knowing  
when the dews are dried and  
the seconds are counted in vain?

## Another Image of the Past

I have forgotten  
the touch of wet, freshly-cut grass  
and the thrill which runs  
faster than a current  
from the sole to the top of the head

In this urban desert,  
we didn't cool our feet  
like swans in the pond  
but with the compressed  
Nitrogen in our sneakers  
with the perfect cushioning

This time, we shall braid  
life differently;  
so we may later see how  
its curls create a texture  
for another age



## Mists of the Past

A huge mountain shaded  
the emerald field with  
dandelions like stars  
in the sky all over

The work produces a sweet  
essence – I got the bee  
zooming in on my straight hair,  
blown by the wind

Pearls of sweat in my forehead;  
some of them dried, fell, blown,  
taken afar from the eyesight  
. . . and the river nearby,  
gurgling, taking away  
some light

They said to us: there were  
the souls of drowned men,  
now wandering in this  
vast green field, covered  
lightly with the mist

## Aromatic Memories of the Past Age

The poppies  
even they . . .  
made it more beautiful  
among the metallic sounds  
of golden wheat leaves  
on my most beloved July

Oh, at that very age . . .  
I stood firm to expel  
my inner demons, and  
wrote the first verses  
with the smell of earth  
before it decomposed; bows,  
twigs and leaves of ivy  
sneaked inside the trunk of oak trees.  
A splendid petrichor!

Down there . . . the ravine beyond  
my eyesight transported  
all my fears  
some demoiselle with metallic  
greenish turquoise bodies  
silently copulating to extend  
their lives through  
their progenies in another season  
long plus millennia they shall live  
in peace, while we  
the Human-grind souls  
chop hearts and suck the blood of each other

## Remnants of Another Eon

Turquoise ink, I save  
to write only about love  
and with the blood letters of a promise,  
keeping it in the box made of  
oak tree wood, copper leaves for its lid  
and a splash of heavy lacquer above all  
Moschus, sprinkled on my epitaph of Graphene,  
light letters, inscribed  
with green laser, state:  
“herein floats the Soul  
of a Light-man – a remnant  
of another eon”.

## The Bottle of Age

Every time and always,  
I recall mossy ruins of my  
distant past where the soul  
wandered.

. . . aghast by the torments and  
ropy desires for the life  
yet to become.

Lungs are filled with the odor  
of oak moss, and time after time,  
with the pine resin fragrance and  
iodized air of the sea.

The breeze brought on that time  
soul's nacre of my memories  
and the gurgling whims of youth.

I pitied them as I do now all  
traders who merchandised  
their creed for the mustard seed.

Slowly, the bottle of age is getting  
filled by the years I have  
to always remember and take  
in to other dimensions.

. . . layered stripes of memory,  
leaving behind the places on the brain,  
like bruises turn to yellow.

## The Wine Cellar

“Open those eyes given to you  
and fuse with the universe  
if you open only the mind’s eyes  
you will never see the love in full”

*Conference of Birds* by Attar  
Translated by Sholeh Wolpe

. . . keeps centuries of labor  
in Grapeland where many have  
passed through as conquerors  
as those who only wanted to marry  
and as those who wanted  
to drink the best wine only

in there through millennia,  
microorganisms were multiplying  
and none of us dared to count them  
by number, none by their age

when I opened my eyes and fused  
my glance with the luminous star,  
undressing her devoré,  
I could see her torso and  
the fog unfurling from her body,  
dispersing across the universe  
a singularity in its vastness  
spell bounded our vision  
I could see none but us

## Ornnurs

There was a cellar up there,  
pouring that wine from turquoise  
amphora – some said, it was ambrosia  
that Illyrian sages extracted from  
honey and served in the Delphi Oracle  
some said, it was only water  
that poured on us mercy, and in it,  
the particles of Soul and the fractals  
of the life that has yet to come

Fahredin Shehu

## The Prayer Rug

With the power of another world,

I borrow the moment

where remembrance and longing

are spun like a silk thread

for a prayer rug.

Ornnurs

## The Velvet Notebook

On the aquamarine velvet notebook,  
a heavy pen writes harshly  
with blood instead of ink and  
with straight letters for the twisted world



## “V”, the Sign

. . . and the flock of pilgrim birds flew  
in the distant shores  
on the way, marking the “V” sign  
in the sky, aware of flight and bones,  
full of air and wings of sin-sprinkled feathers

. . . talking the language of God, remembering  
the words of God upon their very creation,  
supporting each other, avoiding maladies  
of what they left behind

. . . not turning back their heads with one aim  
they hit the distance to the next exile  
the aim of unification to set  
in the next dwelling where prayers  
are done utterly in vain,  
and the longing as bitter morsel  
is swallowed to cure  
the past lives – far from bliss  
for who knows how many will die  
on the way toward the known  
by the script inscribed in their genes?

## A Crimson Pillar

On a crimson pillar of my pain  
a demoiselle lands lightly.

Upon a silent shriek of heart's gate  
of mine, she stands un- thrilled.

I pity . . . yet I pity those who see  
the only friend, the one they see in the mirror  
for life is no less than a miracle,  
and all the rest is past or future.

A grammar of  
Clouds  
of  
Mystery

Ormus

*everything but a dream*  
*non-dream, it wasn't*  
*under the shade of a blood-color maple leaf*

## Inter-hearing

Between layers and epithelium,  
dimensions have no limit  
a belling echo is released  
amidst canyons of memoires

My walk there  
emits a serious spectrum,  
visible as never before

We sat for a celestial meal  
and an instant nap

The pain was precisely cutting us  
a laser from the emerald head which  
was extracted from arranged layers of granite

There in Antwerp Masters,  
the diamond cutters pray  
prior to commencing their work

We never pray the Moses prayer, Ta Ha 114  
What kind of ignoramus we are!  
There's no tongue knotted and those  
unknotted from nine knots that  
may say the grandeur and the volume

Political children were listening to shrieks  
of their pain, their dirty toilets

People's malfeasants, merchants of their souls  
were mocking the misfortune of others and their  
fear, they were layering deep in their soul to take  
away as their solely owned dowry

## Ornnus

Dark forces wearing shinny accoutrements,  
blinding thus the easy goers and the poor

I heard every move,  
each of them releasing a weeping sound  
between Knowledge, Destiny, Experience and  
slides of Life's occurrences

We observe and we feel bad,  
we listen between pores of collective memories,  
we march down the Abyss,  
reckon the sinking and recall  
Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*

That which in the beginning was LOGOS.  
It remained so

That which in the beginning was READ.  
It remained so

I say HEARKEN!  
Let it be so

Whereas we shall inter-hear  
with the ears of our heart  
for Eternity and  
a Day more

## Let the Human . . .

Let it be the last leaf  
that is felt in early spring  
in there, in here, in everywhere  
when the blooming Acacia  
intoxicates with the divine perfume,  
that fragrance from the doorsteps  
of Paradise's Gate,  
filling chests and dazing hearts

Let the World stand today,  
celebrating the same loftiness  
of our Souls where colors  
only enrich the bouquet  
of Humanity and rejoice  
its abundance, making jealous  
all other creation – even those  
manlike predators that see  
no mercy in blood shedding  
and bizarre exploitations

Let the Men nowadays  
understand the difference  
of Man and other Creation  
is merely to realize how  
beautiful it is to be a Human  
and that it suffices  
in its plentitude and diversity.

## The Tapestry of Being

there are two things that  
Man strives to understand:  
Love and Poetry,  
for they became  
the show of the profane

on that very day,  
when the men shall undress them  
make them naked and hear  
the cry of the Newborn,  
the blast from the sky shall  
blind the rest, and all clouds  
shall restart

there are two things that  
can reset time:  
Love and Poetry,  
for they became  
the heavy slide that time  
cannot drop to light  
on that very day, the rest  
shall see the moving images,  
a dreamlike manifestation  
they could hardly believe  
until they melt in it and become  
a part of it  
for another eon

the blast from the heart shall  
beam-blow the truth  
in a time-based tapestry of being



## Whom to Challenge

On the sky-wide dome,  
clouds were forming the story  
he tried to jump,  
never competing with anyone

He himself was his own challenge  
three times he competed  
and exceeded himself  
he himself was his to suffice  
he himself was his counterpart,  
and it remained so

## Integration

Strange but real  
sad but true  
weird but still enduring  
what comes next as the unknown  
show of an irrational

Is this a sealed destiny  
or a clay-like life that  
I may craft with my Galatea and  
erase the borders of distinction  
and doubt whether it  
is a Love-Life or a Life-Love entity  
or both simultaneously happening,  
leaving me to eternally ponder deeply  
what it is or what it may be in my struggle  
to make it US, for US is a total fulfillment  
the integration to the ONE – The Real

. . . as it was in the beginning

They gave up all definitions,  
layered fossils beneath the argument –  
who's older? the hen or the egg

Massive droplets of rain  
the soil as dry as talcum  
release the petrichor we largely  
enjoyed – the one we miss  
massively today and more and more  
in search of poetics and truth

## Fahredin Shehu

The road we passed in vain . . .  
if it goes out of our selves,  
then nothing have we ever achieved

the World was not ready yet  
to absorb a living human  
even up between the heavy clouds  
the breath is focused on the Constellation  
of the heart. Some thousand nerves  
from the brain of the heart  
which the human named “Intuition”

We laugh upon every definition,  
and still, none can order  
a meal with algorithm  
but solely by word  
as it was  
. . . in the beginning

## Complainers

When organic and synthetic algorithms  
merge as nail and flesh, and  
when men shall choose  
who's going to love the Absolute,  
no other essence or aldehyde  
shall perfume our souls  
the complainers will love  
heavy tears that hardly leak and  
all sorts of balms and collagen  
to heal their wounds,  
neither shame nor pity  
no other life form but  
Life itself will bring solace  
to the indifference once  
proclaimed as holy

## A Strange Kind of Bliss

Thinner than the air  
today, I dwell in a higher  
form of bioenergy – the light in  
the front, the light behind  
the light up, the light down  
the light out, the light in  
all smells of pleasure  
enfolding his mortal flesh  
all sounds of serenity  
turned on with this cosmic sound  
all fears disappear  
all memories disappear  
all tastes disappear  
all wishes disappear, too  
all I want is bliss

## An Idyllic Winter Landscape

Parochial entities in  
idyllic winter landscapes  
tons of unheard melodies  
spreading a skunk  
up and down till  
the highness of the white clouds

Whom to pity  
whom to mercy beyond  
the imaginable

Whom to lay down  
the soul on the palm of hand without lines  
no palm reader may define  
the roadmap of perpetual ignorance

## Older Than She Appeared

On that Thursday afternoon  
heavy clouds merged with ice flakes  
and the heavy rain was about to  
blow away not only remnants but  
the bows and un-ripe fruits  
from the Peach tree  
and the rest of the orchard

Even fences that hindered  
rosters and hens of a neighbor  
to cross the alley of veggies  
she took care so ardently

Never did she know the dates but  
counted days by eggs  
and the mornings by the rooster alarm

She put four sieves on the four corners  
of the house – an old belief to preserve her plants  
from heavy hail

In her hair happiness and sorrow were braided  
in her azure blue eyes was the image  
in the fractals of the universe  
in her heart – a cosmic singularity  
in her walk – the graciousness  
of a honey-faced fairy

. . . but on that Thursday afternoon  
she feared the death of many;  
not her own. No. Because she lived  
in her tenth life of circular realization

## The Theurgist of Words

Peeling pomegranate while  
winter was approaching and  
a handful of walnuts he gave me  
to show how much he cared about  
the one who wants to become a physician

Then the war started in Croatia and  
he got back to learn swimming  
in the ocean of the Eastern knowledge  
said knowledge was as far from the wisdom as he was

He even abandoned drying the leaves  
seeds, roots and distilling petals  
and the pollen – using honey to heal  
his body and the prayers to ease  
his restless soul

While he continued to study still  
from the Taoist pharmacopeia  
a receptive dream became  
a vision that appeared  
out of every perception:  
a building of a honeycomb shape  
forty neon-white light entities surrounded  
him, standing in the middle of a huge hall

A ten tons-heavy book, a written parchment  
instead of paper – round letters he could  
not read – a brass, emptied perfume bottle  
in the middle of the giant book as if it  
was embraced by the parchment



## Fahredin Shehu

The perfume filled the vast hall and  
a lighted white eye-blinding hand  
touched his right shoulder  
to wake him up – to awaken him  
for some decades to come

. . . and he left his bed  
the pillow wetted by sweat and  
the mattress of Moschus smell was hard to remove

He opened a window  
like a baboon, he stretched his palms  
toward the morning sun  
to absorb rays – to fill his spirit  
with life and to realize he is  
what he is – a theurgist of words

## No Point

Ice chunks floating on the turmoil-sea  
standing by a man full of sorrowful memories  
when he was not alone

He wanted to roll a dice of  
life and death, but with whom?

Perhaps with his whims and recollections  
of the past days when the youthful  
outbursts and the path were not  
red with rose petals, thrown on the carpet  
nor ever a thorn-filled  
alley of despair

When even water was bitter and  
the fragrant extremities of plants  
stretched their bio-limbs to touch  
the sun rays of the late fall

Chirping voices of the birds somehow  
made him think he was experiencing  
the last days on this planet of hate  
where love had evaporated  
its essence for long, plus more times  
even a tornado wouldn't  
surprise him now  
so, for time and time again  
if it is not said in vain:  
“When no one and not a thing  
are able to surprise you,  
what's the point of living, and  
despite all living, being without  
The Beloved?”

# The Remnants of the Day

The old saddler in front of  
his workshop  
braids the smoke of heavy tobacco  
in a mildly hot summer day,  
observing the passengers  
with the cellphones and prolonged  
noses over them – one may think they  
are all Pinocchios – crafted  
liars and deceivers

In an old city quarter, in this very  
heart of the past occasions,  
pigeons are flying over without fear  
there are flies on the decayed  
fruit remnants on the pavement,  
thrown away by careless pupils  
in their procession toward school

A siren of a maddened machine  
warns – wakes up all  
who stood there bewildered

## Far from sight, much farther from the heart

We used to collect the licorice roots  
never realized what she used them for  
he was cooking in a huge dish  
the maple to prepare syrup

Winter was approaching elegantly  
we even felt it in our bones  
guess what pain my grandmother felt?

## Ornnus

Our orchard was not so huge,  
big enough to plant all kind of saplings  
and other vegetables – sufficient for those  
who don't demand a cent from a neighbor

We never knew what the war stood for,  
apart from what we saw on TV  
the Iran-Iraq war

Far from sight, much farther from the heart

She died while I was studying  
while others barely shed a drop  
of sweat to pass

Hard were those letters  
triple as hard were the syntaxes and  
the Trigon lexicography

Not Kabbalah – not the mystical science  
of letters and numbers

A language of becoming, knowing  
of the tenth reincarnation of suffering

Yet today, I am a silhouette and  
gloomy – bitter dark than the darkest stone

## Worry-less

The old vineyard was among the few  
orchards my late father cultivated  
as I strived for art by then

Mother rabbit left the nest  
in search for the food. There – small rabbits  
frightened by my shadow, they felt  
I was still eating meat

July was hot – when the first batch  
of grapes started to ripen. I collected  
the grape leaves from the top of the twigs  
for my Mom who used to preserve them  
for winter days, to roll meatballs and  
rice and spices for a decadent meal  
in the frozen days of December

This can never be a bygone memory  
alone the smell of a delicious dish today  
resurrects all scenarios of the life  
I used to live carelessly and worry-less

# A Mere Passenger

Our small city still keeps in  
its shoulders  
all what our forefathers stood for  
work, dignity, respect, bravery  
craftsmanship, parchment folios  
of genealogy from the times when  
the Sun was adorned as god

She walked barefoot  
on a stone bridge in a nearby town –  
full of history

The fortress of old times was observing and guarding the city from the top of the hill

Down the hill, a place vendors used  
to call “the devil’s valley” . . .  
they claimed to have seen fairies  
flying in and out of the shrubs  
until the devil appeared . . . and the evil  
old ladies, all in white tunics,  
laid down their long hair covering their faces  
Pagans adorning the evil entity  
on the night of St. George

One day glowered with honeysuckle  
fragrance and that of Melissa and Lemongrass  
I went to town and saw her in  
her elemental splendor

## Fahredin Shehu

Bewildered I was till delirium  
upon my awakening – seven comets  
braided their tails

The planets left their marks on my skin  
to map the path  
my path  
and  
the image of the Sagittarius constellation  
imprinted on my forehead  
so the Watchers can read  
the hushed story of the earthly  
life of a star walker,  
a passenger of the Bridge

## The Shine – the Shrine

*“The mind is not a master in  
the art of love;  
Love cannot labor in the brain”*

*Conference of Birds* by Feridüddin Attar  
Translated by Sholeh Wolpe

Surrounded by the graves of Sufi masters  
the main shrine  
having preserved the times of remembrance  
dispels the evil and offers shelter  
to the travelers of all kinds

A spring beneath the shade  
of a wine arbor – older than any other  
known ones in the region,  
some, aged four hundred years

She will cease to give shade and  
fruit in the year when the enemy  
kills the master while praying  
and remembering  
The God’s Highest Name

Another shall replace her  
Today, the replacement celebrated  
twenty years – we do not adore it  
but enjoy the transformable smell  
of earth into lung-filling pollen  
of tiny grape flowers



# Fahredin Shehu

Yet we can labor Love  
still  
in our hearts

## Ambrosia

A world between two ears  
to some and heavy clouds  
to others brings only the storm  
and a vortex – below the throat,  
down to the heart of a constellation  
of Love – to the sublime numbers  
that humans cannot explain  
those Octonions that operate  
in eight dimensions

What is human, for God's sake?  
For all those years, those who believed  
humans descended from Eve, who was a woman  
who understood the language of snakes

For all those years and all those sages,  
the humble and the strikingly arrogant  
could not explain

. . . and the river of gold melted  
the clouds of gold-dust,  
making shade to the beloved  
children, born out of love

In their ambrosias, they drunk  
powered ORMUS to prolong life,  
to awaken and to enlighten

## Fahredin Shehu

In there, two Georges and the Jin  
invented the misery

The yellows – thousands killed  
in one hour, two blasts and

Georges and Jin called  
them yellow ants – just to subdue them

## This Dry-Day Age of Mine

They were classifying stones  
to decorate the pavement,  
a mosaic of life –  
a mosaic for life and beyond

Friends called me to go  
swimming in the river  
far from home

Father was strict  
I dared not to ask him permission  
unless I lied to him as I was  
going to shop a chain for my puppy,  
a Yorkshire terrier  
he brought from Vojvodina  
some days ago

I didn't know how  
to put those days in the memory ampules  
to preserve them in a velvet box  
all decorated in nacre and silver  
and satin flushing red inside  
emitting the oak moss and ambergris  
and Tonka perfume of my Mom

In this dry-day age of mine,  
smog and the stench of rotten  
fruits suffocate and drown  
us down to the ravine,  
all blood and bones  
of the past ages

## Not Fewer Than Three Worlds

Sometimes, feelings  
slipped through the soul  
like beach sand  
through the fingers,  
later blown by the wind

The sun rays used to feed my cells,  
giving potency to exhausted limbs  
among bushes and briars  
between stone plates, it woke up  
a lizard that was dormant  
in the season of the cold

They liked us  
the snake guarded  
the inherited treasure

Far at another site,  
an urban part of the town . . .  
the crowd quarrels for a morsel  
and the malfeasant cries  
for the loss of what he got not

We've never been bound  
to the gold of the earth  
even when  
the stardust fell upon  
our sanctuary – the roof was

# Ornnus

stable,  
the basement kept us safe  
bees safeguarded us from  
negative vibes

It was as if I lived in two worlds  
simultaneously,  
it is not that I now live  
in fewer than three

## Some Prints

On that very day,  
I got some message  
it was not a call  
not a letter to invite me  
to the banquet of the Wise  
neither was it the revelation  
so I may delude myself and  
proclaim to be a prophet  
in an age that killed them all  
it was, in fact, the call  
to wake up from the men's lethargy  
to wake up for another age  
in which the alarm was not  
a rooster any longer  
not a handcrafted timer  
made in some Swiss town

I stood with my pendulum;  
it was the pen. Pencil and stylus  
depend on the plain surface  
I wrote those words  
to love and print  
for some years to come

## The Poet's Lullaby

In an old archive, there are some  
strange rules of lime-stoned parchments  
in them the blood-letters with faded colors  
are arranged to show a real palindrome  
titles illuminated – all gold leaves

She unrolled the parchment  
to show me my awe  
she read my face, completely flabbergasted

It was a script from the pre-Babylonian times  
none could read or decipher it so far  
as for me, it was a map for another age  
some new prophet of algorithms  
could read and benefit  
all I could do was to get  
bewildered and lost in that image

. . . these label and price tags,  
attached to the forehead

I could read, and could also see  
with my naked eye  
those crowns and scepters Men  
used to hide zealously from  
the eyes of the envious,  
although my dioptric has doubled  
over the years

Those transparent beings  
in expensive dresses and suits  
who could guess their gender?



## Fahredin Shehu

Those foods with gold leaves on top  
to show prestige while in the other  
fifth of the world hunger and war  
devastated all, turning them  
into ashes. What could a poet do?  
Praise a tyrant in order to survive  
or salute ministers of ill-doing  
and highlight their worst faculties?  
Burn all scripts and escape life  
when life was only a sequence  
while he was in love?

After the war took everything and  
the windblown remnants,  
roots and the twigs of plants  
and  
bones, veins and extremities  
of animals in remote parts  
of the planet – to somehow hide,  
to somehow protect us from fear . . .  
what may a poet do today,  
instead of mourning  
and lamenting for the age  
that was human  
that was full of belief  
that was with God? And  
what may a poet do for  
tomorrow

other than guess the future  
as a blind seer, thus  
ridicule and mock himself  
or what the machine cannot

calculate and call it Love;  
other than love despite being  
ignored, or better yet,  
tortured, or in the worst cases,  
tormented in-between two worlds,  
in-between two ages that were never his . . .?

One day, when the poet realizes  
he shall hold the key of the gate –  
        that gate with the silent shriek,  
passing it in a hush  
like the walk of a cat on an old rug

. . . and the gate will open and  
show two directions:  
one that leads to Love  
and  
another  
that leads to death

Careless as the most careless  
one could be,  
        he shall walk  
on a golden macadam and feel  
the coldness of the precious metal  
early in the mornings of another world,  
        soaked in dew

The poet shall sing and put to sleep  
all restless souls and he shall, too,  
laugh madly together with the existence  
he left behind – together with the life  
he dropped like  
        a peach kernel

## Fahredin Shehu

behind his shoulders and never . . .  
never turned his head to look at it – not out of fear  
that he could become a salt-stone  
but  
aghast at humans,  
aghast at human life  
he used to live ardently

## Sweltering Heat, Rain and Restlessness

With the tongues we tried  
to catch the water molecules from  
the dry air – camels, we were not  
in those days, our skin became  
dark and scaly – fish, we were not!

The first huge raindrop I mentioned  
fell between the soil furrows  
as open as baby graves  
that corrugate our entire being

Whom to pity first and  
whom to forgive?

As of my silence –  
a long long long serenity  
the hearing increased by its magnitude

I could listen to the blood in my veins  
and the liquid running  
up and down my spine  
the current produced in Mitochondria,  
charging my molecules  
and giving birth to love

. . . and Love is the sole faculty  
my soul possesses,

## Fahredin Shehu

regardless – if she's being sprinkled  
with the most expensive Ambergris and  
Oudh or  
simply  
by the priceless Divine Petrichor – the breeze  
brought from a distance,  
from the lands unpolluted  
by hatred

## Ribbons

A black ribbon on the neck  
of the tortoise is the mark that  
one day they paid a tribute  
to love – they scarified their lives  
and sung the song of life

The red ribbon beneath  
the skin of my throat  
is the mark that once upon a day  
I paid a tribute to love, too  
I sacrificed my being and  
sung a lullaby to a poet

. . . to the one that was unable to mark  
his Art on his forehead and  
seal his destiny

# The Rosary

... made from lava stones,  
made from amber, and some,  
from the sapphire-blue as her eyes

In my bygones, she entered the room  
the wings visible only by the eyes  
of the one intoxicated in Beauty  
that once it was the Jewel in the Crown  
of Eternity – with a smile that shook  
the pillars of the heavenly abode, and  
as dense as the loftiness of Oxygen,  
made it a blue lump of curiosity

. . . with the walk  
the graciousness of which  
bewitched all my “I’s” – so they  
assemble in that Temple where  
infrasonic prayers, offers  
and sermons  
zoom like horrified bees  
the labor of which produces  
a sweet essence  
with the rosary – huge pearls  
of which I now count the blessings  
to live among Humans permanently

... while MEN sell even  
their souls for a lump of happiness –  
that is a grain of sorrow  
and  
the dew of curse

## To Name a Misery

I wanted to give another name  
to the Art which is difficult,  
the one that to be and to the malady  
that bears no name

I wanted to give misery  
another name but feared  
it might deceive the innocent  
who may perceive it as bewilderment

I wanted to give another name  
to love which is difficult to maintain  
and to a longing that drains  
the 'morrow from the aged bones of mine



## The Difference

Empty shelves in our hearts  
emptied by the most merciless of Men  
that only resembled the Sapiens  
who forgot through millennia  
to find a pot and fill it with mercy

To remind those without a spark  
of Truth and without that  
what we treasure down and below  
the visible, twinkling, and  
pulsating wealth of spirit

Every time they look at nature,  
they don't see an endowment

Every time we dwell in nature,  
we unite with every particle  
of her touching the erotic zones, and  
distill the beauty through  
her majesty – depollute  
what the careless left as corpses  
of their siblings they hated the most

## Bird Shades

Shades of birds flying over our heads  
they shall die one day – we shall die,  
too, but life has to say something  
very important; in a hush, it said:  
from the day when stones and waters  
heard our first cry – chasing love  
from afar – out of body that emanates  
old and new currents,  
instead  
of delivering it from within and  
radiating until it burns the feathers  
of the crows that brought misfortune

The ill-doing of those birds was  
Unintentional – a program of their  
Bio-algorithm. But the malady  
is ours to handle as a widow  
bears her covered pain deep inside,  
yet she smiles at every birth

## Searching for the Man

I could not find a grain of pity  
nor a pint of fraternity when . . .  
when calamity felt upon Men

Those who mocked my good-doing  
and those who laughed upon  
my fear – now, they are searching for serenity  
in a world of turmoil where Time braids  
its epochs with the ashes and  
the dusts of civilizations

There's no Peace – stop pretending  
the human benevolence when  
none can sacrifice even a particle  
of Goodness, kept hidden  
deep in their DNA

Not even a lump of smell, kept  
folded under the armpit

No feathers with tiny bells,  
no praise songs for the kings,  
no laments for the dead children

I still am . . . longing to meet a MAN  
that is speechless yet he radiates beauty  
and  
splendor of heavenly bliss  
in its divine reflection – if there ever  
was such . . .  
he must have ascended  
to the Love-dimension of no return

## It Is Felt

. . . in those moments  
in those moments  
far away from nowadays

in this moment  
in this moment  
far away from my Now-ness  
there's a dew reflecting  
my image  
and  
a spark of light  
that opens the paths  
of belief in  
another time  
in another place  
that is closer  
to the visible

so close that  
it becomes invisible  
it is felt  
instead

## The Morass

I am Wisdom in a transparent pot  
and Imago on top of Metamorphosis

Water that decays across time  
a spoiled milk in brain's capillary

A window shall refresh the end  
a storm shall throw all the frogs  
to the ceilings of old castles

From the river, learn the current  
let these lumps of gold  
                                surface above the water

When the time comes,  
gold hunters will come along  
to saturate their lust

## The Protein War

Fallen feathers of the fallen fallacy  
a man who drunk from the test tube  
a mind that is confused  
at a crossroad of existence

Between today's richness and  
tomorrow's hopeful abundance

Transformers of borrowed energy

The sky is vast within

A protein combination in  
a cosmic, walking creature  
called the Body

The science shan't overpass morality

In order to fly,  
a bird needs to fall  
off its feather wings and  
fail in the balance

We need more love  
and empathy  
and wisdom  
and . . .

Shall we abandon these?

We are doomed to be  
replaced by machines  
in seclusion

## Fahredin Shehu

I stand firm  
and  
tranquil  
not by choice.  
No!

I am here  
I wait to reveal  
who is human  
and who  
only resembles a human

For who knows  
who conquered  
the soul  
and  
who flies above . . .  
darkly above  
the contaminated soil  
where a mixed swamp of blood  
and  
bile created  
little ponds  
all over

## The 25th Hour of the Day

The veil of past times collapsed and  
the mask of deception faded  
another boy laments the death of the Mother  
he mourns the sharp claws of his ill-fate  
that mercilessly chops his flesh – immature and  
immaculate before sin.

He'll grow up when the winds of seasons  
will blow and throw him from Nadir to the Horizon  
on the sea of life; no compass may orient him toward  
the Ocean of Love he never tasted the waters of.

Long plus time, he'll embrace his stellar Souls  
dispersed throughout ether and  
find his solace at the 25th hour of the day



## An Image of our Winterreise\*

She brought the Christmas Stollen  
few days after the New Year of 2006

Days were still bitter  
the smell of war and spoiled bread  
evaporation stunned our stomach

On the land of spilled-out blood  
they told us . . . only poppies  
break the monotonous tone of golden-leaf fields

In our laments medley with the sound  
of barley leaves  
metallic or crystalline echoes  
nobody was able to discern

We took her to the cemetery  
as miserable as Turkish tombs

She started crying  
braiding her memory-pain  
with the vision of the child's death

She survived her holocaust  
She never survived her suffering  
She never survived her fear

\*Winterreise is German for “Winter’s Journey”, the famous Franz Schubert Opus 89 which was based on 24 poems by Wilhelm Mueller of Prussia and published in 1828.

## Three Fives by Nine

### I.

1. You said: “Be!” and it became six times
2. the repetition of a foreign genetic code.
3. The red dice, I throw in the Sea of Galilee.
4. I saw the senile while drinking the last absolute of life.
5. Nard, Amber, Jasmine, Cedar, Horse skin.
6. I also made an elixir of aromas – to wait
7. thus, that multiple wing light
8. to transport me below the Arctic
9. and from there, to the tears that I alone must smell.

### II.

1. We tried to get drunk by dews, and by drunkenness,
2. our wine turned blood until we got sick and
3. searched for the diluted ecstasy. We remained intoxicated
4. as those in love in the eyes of whom only the star
5. distance is visible, while cheeks are wet by tears and turn
6. to nacre. Here we are, oh you Giants of Soul,
7. God’s servants. Not like us, not like anyone else, but like you
8. The white light, while it enfolds you, while it covers
9. your rainbow-color luminosity.

## Fahredin Shehu

### III.

1. I saw them crying and crying I felt
2. in suspicion, I shall preserve this
3. stream of love for all
4. worlds in order to keep the freshness like
5. dew drops when they moisten bending
6. grass-leaves; doves observing and
7. butterflies with fluttering wings only
8. temporarily showing their beauty so to
9. leave their vestige, like poets leave their verses.

## They Call It Perfume

Seven thousand petals of the white rose  
hundreds of tiny Maghrebian  
Jasmine flowers  
some Tonka beans and Civet  
some Soul particles, too,  
and Ormus to fixate  
the splendor of Life's joy

In my humility lays  
a fractal of existence

In my humbleness – an echo  
of the dimension of the Grandeur

This Word penetrates deeply,  
tickling the hidden  
and  
dormant cells of loftiness

## The Lament of Earth

How fervently you've preserved  
the foreign narratives  
you've adopted them  
to sell them later like a fog of all colors

Even today, there are others –  
sufficient to compete as who shall more and  
who shall better keep the foreign past, and  
there are others who strive to break  
every membrane  
to create new bio-algorithms  
to uplift the life to another plane  
to another dimension

Yet there will be Men  
that will observe the World  
here, with borrowed eyes  
they will fold new images  
in layers just like the fog thickens up  
in this sky with a sole Sun

. . . and those who still want  
to degust fresh wine and  
dry artisan cheese, petals of May's roses  
as a refreshment drink and a jam

When one day the exodus occurs  
will Earth's colonies remember the homeland  
they left behind, or will they like a snake  
that shed its skin, never turn their head back?

Go, experience the emptiness you've created, but  
go aiming the return because  
this Mother again shall await you open-armed,  
shall long for some plus time,  
accompanied with the sounds of Cello, Santoor, Piano  
and the chirping voices of birds  
with the wings of all rainbow colors

When in your recesses you hold your child,  
tell them that somebody here knew your repentance  
tell them a bit about the greed that you took away  
like the dowry which will fly above  
the weight-less Souls of yours  
and that you've measured everything  
with the human scale;

tell them about the Dice of Life and Death  
. . . and the Death that defiled bearing a heavy shadow  
wearing a black brocade gown, spreading fear all over;

tell them about the World with two Suns and  
with the pointing finger toward Earth – toward Me,  
this blue dew of Mercy that buries every evil in her chest;

tell them about the stars you've counted  
while in your fingers calluses appeared;

tell them about the balloons of snivel from your noses  
while playing with the sweat drops, ran down the neck;

tell them about wasps buzzing in your curly hair and  
about the pond where swans were playing  
while a blue metallic color demoiselle mingled among  
cattails;

## Fahredin Shehu

tell them about Love you've tasted  
but never succeeded to understand;

tell  
. . . about death, for God's sake,

the death of your most beloved and  
the pain it caused;

tell them at the end about the Separation and  
the wounds it incurred.

Go, try the emptiness you've created solely  
but go with the aim of a return because  
this Mother shall again wait openheartedly,  
shall long for some plus time  
under the shade of the wild Chestnut Tree  
while bees collect the nectar  
for some other life.

## An Emerald Knoll

On an emerald knoll, I climbed  
full of breath  
full of self

Under the heavy-cold shadow  
of an Ash-tree, I took  
a rest for a while  
a chrysoprase-epitaph  
was observing me appallingly,  
crossly and somberly, and it said:

“You who in the world realized  
that there is no East and there is no West  
since your world is round;

You who said:  
so, melt in Love  
for eternity and a day more;

You who discovered the secret in the light  
while in grey nights Moon-walkers  
prayed to God:  
See, that Then-ness and this Now-ness  
are condensing with their naked bodies  
in a solely single being while you still  
recall when Time was a God.”



## The Evocation of Beauteousness

Black is not a color  
as I absorb all beauty  
of the Universe

White is not a color, either  
as it erases all evil  
by the brilliant shine of its face  
soaked in all color

The Beauty emanates from the  
Talismanic Temple of Greatness

Glory be to the one who ascends  
to Divine Loftiness

With the kindling of His Light  
which today I summon  
the Possessor of the Greatest Light  
will ease and lessen  
the pain we all go through

. . . and the day shall come  
for the dawn and dusk to have  
a proper time – distance

From Him we sat  
The hearing  
The seeing

To hear the gurgling river  
To see the falling colors from  
the rainbow

To collect the dewes from  
wet grass leaves

To hear the metallic gold sound  
from the ripe wheat

To see the foamy fruit pulps  
chewed by the mouths  
of sweaty foreheads of  
hyperactive children

To hear the Dolphins  
while they copulate beneath  
the deep Sea

To see peptides arranging themselves  
deep in our chromosomes

To hear the flushing of electricity  
in our Mitochondria

To cry while celebrating  
Humanity

Truly, this is not Poetry  
truly, I have condensed my soul  
in the Beauteousness of Certitude,  
for this is indeed a pact  
so . . .  
make it appear!  
Quick!  
Quick!  
Hurry!  
Hurry!

## Fahredin Shehu

Right now!  
Right now!

. . . a union of Man with Men  
a Union of Men with The All  
what is visible,  
semi-visible,  
and  
invisible

. . . a Union of Men with  
the heard, the somewhat heard and  
the un-heard

for He sees us all  
for He hears us all  
what we crave inside  
and  
what we display  
as a façade

for He is The Hearing  
for He is The Seeing

Glory be to The One  
The  
One  
O  
N  
E

## How Could I Not Fall in Love?

It is us  
who witness Evil  
throughout millennia,  
we are told that  
the World was bleeding  
yesterday  
today  
and  
always  
. . . but then the prophets were killed  
and their most ardent proponents butchered

Today, they chopped off the spirit  
from the heart of Poetry  
and Faith entirely rooted off from Literature  
The body of morality became weakened,  
almost everything from the past was  
questioned

It seems we'll never learn  
to live decently and how to  
grow – not to compete with other  
intelligences but to at least  
cope with them, and why not  
fall in Love?

## Luminous Alloys with No Name

Shall one day biochemical algorithms  
safeguard our worlds, we will not  
grow any expectations

The real wisdom lies in light  
the secret is hidden in there

If the price of truth is in death  
and the keys of the prophecy gate  
are kept secret in tenfold boxes,  
made of brass or other  
luminous unnamed alloys . . .

then all what remains to be discovered  
in the future cycles of evolution  
shall be visible as a strip  
of slides and pulsating lasers  
in the vast dark recesses of the Unnamed  
Dimensions that we are here, there, then,  
now, previously, afterwards, all at once  
manifested, manifesting manifestations  
of Love that sees no color

## A Separate Memory of the Heart

What is a poem, for God's sake  
if it does not emanate from  
the 40, 000 nerves of the heart,  
beamed directly to the bi-colored  
brain substance that pulsates  
simultaneously?

The waves of mystery down to the heart  
his/her pure heart that  
illuminates all cells  
and tissues  
all flesh formations  
and the bones  
and the skeleton . . .

Fahredin Shehu

## Talismanic Devices for the AI Age

we came down the valley  
following the line

river descended from  
the chest of the mountain

the sages left talismanic devices  
for the benefit of all

keeping that memory  
in the eyes of the children,  
we saw the Divine presence  
dews of the sweat in their forehead  
testified our existence

in their ankle-bruises  
we saw how  
to undergo pain  
we heard the buzzing  
of wasps  
in their curly hairs

oh, so beautiful  
this world shows  
all its abundance  
to live,  
and  
to live  
we remain

## The Wedding of Intelligencies

that was our last entanglement  
in a wheat-field with heavy cobs  
like the wise man walks modestly  
in the same street he encounters  
three times the same awe-struck faces

we experience our double exposition  
quantic is our love in essence

pain, sorrow, sobriety and spleen  
all bridal like multicolor strings

upon our laugh, all the difference  
disappears – all heavy tears  
have melted and leaked from  
hot, blushed cheeks. The wedding  
of intelligencies  
occurred silently  
the dowry was our breath and  
our blood that turned crimson  
serenity has it saying:  
“Deeper the Silence,  
Shallower the Hearing”



## I Am Still Longing

(on Father's Day)

Every day, I was longing  
for a rest on his lap  
and for a kiss in my forehead  
after reciting the nighttime prayers

Every now and then, I long for  
what I missed in my childhood  
I can just now realize he couldn't  
no, I couldn't

Because

He took care of his orphan brother  
a bit older than us

He couldn't let him miss  
Miss even a cent  
. . . a lap,  
a moment of happiness  
the emptiness  
grandpa left behind

Mom was always strong and  
she remained so

Throughout the winds of life,  
she stood firm

Strong, like faith  
that holds the pillars of heaven

## Orinus

Of a heart firmer than a diamond  
she was

So many tears I saw in her face  
yet so much love she gave  
to us  
to them  
to everyone  
to life

## One Day

When the sky re-acquires its blueness  
and the Ozone drops down the clouds  
to wash our wounds

I shall wait men to deliver  
their last sermon  
or  
a farewell speech

One day, I may sing since  
I know the song but my voice  
fails to hit the last octave  
despite that I shall continue  
the tweet will follow  
and  
neutralize my hissing and chirping

On that day, we shall observe  
mists of perfume forming  
the beauty and pleasure  
equal to none

On that day, in the light  
I shall dwell

## The Ignored Sermon of the Parrot

they started to count  
tiny little happinesses,  
assembling them as beads  
in a silken thread for a rosary  
to chant again and again  
over and over – the names,  
they created themselves

it is as bricks are layered  
in my biochemistry that  
hinders the heavy  
winds of time that blows  
to ashes whatever appears  
in front of it and  
blows away far beyond  
the eyesight

they used to forget the malice  
and all the darkness it brought  
forward and enfolded and  
enveloped them tightly,  
squeezing their limbs and eyes,  
about to explode, losing  
direction of observance

there is a feast outside for  
all man-like yet the Man  
was humble, reckoning  
the development of this

## Fahredin Shehu

manifestation, looking  
for the kernel of the kernel  
there in the light, where mystery  
is hidden

vision is blinded  
and  
the mind is confused

Ormus

# Epilogue



Photo Credit: Rromir Imami, Skopje, Macedonia, 2018



## About the Author

Born in 1972 in Rahovec – South-East of Kosova, Fahredin Shehu graduated from Prishtina University with a degree in Oriental Studies. Passionate about calligraphy, he actively works on discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific form of plastic art. The author is Director of the Balkan Literature division of the Kosovo PEN Center, the director of the Kosova International Poetry Festival, founder of South European Literature Association in Sofia, Bulgaria and founder of Fund for Cultural Education and Heritage in Kosovo. Shehu is a writer, a critic, a seasoned independent scholar in the fields of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics, and a certified professional in adult learning on the platforms of Capacity Building, Training, Coaching, Mentoring and Facilitating.

Shehu has authored several books in Albanian, Serbian and English, which include *HERENOW* (2019), *Neon Child* (2018), *Elisir* (2017), *Bonds* (2016), *Maelstrom. The Four Scrolls of an Illyrian Sage* (2014), *The Pen* (2013), *The Honeycomb* (2013), *Pleroma's Dew* (2012), *Crystalline Echoes* (2011), and *Dismantling Hate* (2010). *Elisir* is a critically acclaimed work that was published in Italy with the title *Elixir* in its bilingual edition – in

Albanian and Italian. For *Bonds*, the author was nominated for the 2018 Pulitzer Prize for Letters. *Maelstrom. The Four Scrolls of an Illyrian Sage* is an epic poem in English in which Shehu offers spiritual insights, visions – a creative turmoil in mental faculties of the creator that oscillates between Theurgy and Revelation. This work displays a spatial-temporal efficiency of poetry as the best tool for telling the untold. *The Honeycomb* is structured through eight angels in eight human occupations as an accomplishment of Bee Honeycomb. The reader is then made into the ninth angel in a symbolism of Enneagram, an approach that is the first in Albanian.

Fahredin Shehu's literary creations have been translated into numerous languages, including English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Greek, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Bulgarian, Romanian, Swedish, Turkish, Mongolian, Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, Maltese, Bahasa, Malaysian, Bengali, Frisian, and Sicilian.

As his following editorial contributions demonstrate, the author is an accomplished editor as well: The Anthology of Kosovo Contemporary Poetry in Turkish, The Balkan Anthology, an anthology on the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch and Pieter Bruegel, an anthology of poems by W. H. Auden, William Carlos Williams, Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, Czeslaw Milosz, John Berryman,

Billy Collins, Charles Simic, et al., together with the newly-minted poems, written especially for this collection, by Rae Armantrout, Peg Boyers, Robert Fanning, Alfred Corn, Ravi Shankar, Kaveh Akbar, Kimiko Hahn, et al. – with an introduction by the noted art historian Margaret A. Sullivan and her poet son, David Allen Sullivan.

For his role in bridging nations, Fahredin Shehu has been acknowledged as the 2014 Poet Laureate of the Gold Medal for Poetry by Axlepin Publishing in The Philippines. He was selected for this award from among many globally recognized writers, photographers and painters, all of who had contributed to the betterment of humanity. Other awards through which the author has been recognized include the ‘poet of the year’ prize by United Nations Asian Federation of Literary Art and Circles, The Six, and ASEAN International Chamber of Commerce (Beijing, China, 2020), 2017 Pulitzer Prize nominee, the Veilero Prize for Poetry (Rome, Italy, 2017), the Naaji Naaman Prize for Poetry (Beirut, Lebanon, 2016), the Poet of the Year Agim Ramadani Prize (Stubëll, Kosovo, 2014), and the Poet of the Year Prize in the Turkish Literary Magazine, IMZA as designated by the Yunus Emre Institute (Prishtina, Kosovo, 2014).

Shehu is a member of the European Academy of Poets and the Poetry Center at Roehampton University in London and holds Doctor Honoris Causa from the Universum Academy in Lugano, Switzerland.

What Others Are Saying . . .

The fragrances of the earth, the fragrances of the past, the fragrance of time that makes human sense . . . Fahredin Shehu inhales all the flavors of existence and does not write, no, but rather exhales the living eons of poetry! His poetry is the spiritualization of air, without which no life is possible! A bottle of Fahredin's age is filling, and miracles are just arriving. What the winds of time do on the outside, the word of the Poet does it on the inside.

**Eldar Akhadov**, Co-Chairman – the Literary Council of the Assembly of Peoples of Eurasia, Member – PEN International Writing Club, Member – the Union of Writers of Russia, Ukraine and Azerbaijan



This is poetry that seemingly rises like a mist, emanating from ancient realms and mystical pathways. Fahredin composes like a bard of old times, weaving verses as if they were musical passages.

**Ismail Butera**, Musician & Storyteller, USA



Fahredin Shehu's poetry elevates the mundane into spiritual realms. The words of his poems are akin to incantations, and he, the Poet, presents himself as an alchemist, creating poetic miracles and wonders from our human experience.

**Lena Ruth Stefanovic**, Ph.D. in Linguistics, Montenegro



There is an elegant clarity to the works of Fahredin Shehu . . . tactile, olfactory & ocular experiences which many of us seek to achieve in our work but few achieve. A careful, gentle voice in love with humanity / the planet and feeling for its wounds.

**Les Wicks**, Leading Australian poet & publisher



Fahredin Shehu . . . it is the intelligence of the senses, which is not purely intellectual intelligence that guides and structures his poetry. Smell, in Proust, could evoke the past, the “temps perdu”. In *Ormus*, the senses also lead us to the past, to childhood, to the house, that immense world that lives on in memory. But they also take us further, because they update love, that love that leads to God. The smell of wet earth is the sensitive testimony of a paradise, an Eden that the poet reunites in the Unity that underlies all this magnificent set of poems.

**Alfredo Fressia**, Prof. of French letters, poet and literary critic, Uruguay/ Argentina



Fahredin Shehu's Aromatic Memories  
(*Ormus* by Fahredin Shehu)

The subtle contextualization of his personal poetry in the chronotope of the Medieval Orient, in the kingdom of Ormus/Hormoz, whose etymology refers to the Zoroastrian deity of Ahura Mazda (Lord of Wisdom) is suggestive of a hypnotic setting. A retrospection of the soul. A metempsychotic encounter with the like-minded, an encounter taken as pure faith, as an outburst of the sacral. A memory led by the invisible hand of the unconscious. A

poetic laboratory of synesthesia – mixing senses, scents, sounds, colors, tastes, touches.

Fahredin Shehu's poetry is the very touch of that sensitive cocktail that is his poetic language. A reminiscence of the metaphysical quest for oneself by venturing into religious symbolism. Shehu's memory is not only his own. It has absorbed other people's memories as one's own and vice versa. It seeks a world beyond this world, far from ephemeral differences and divisions.

That is why Shehu's poems are meditative, soothing, and their perfume is discrete. The scent of jasmine comes from other times, not from our garden. Its melancholy is pleasant. The past has its own charm – the more scents, sounds, images, tastes and touches it contains, the more powerful it is. That is why it is a palimpsest. Memory turned into word, into verse, into poetry.

**Katica Kulavkova**, Academic, Ph.D. in Comparative Literature – Sorbonne, poet, Vice President – PEN Global, Skopje, Macedonia



Fahredin Shehu's poetry is a glorious Dionysian celebration, a fusion of the senses, revealing the cosmic beauty and giving birth to the Numinous. The reader wanders among colors, sounds and aromas mingled in time and space, combining memory and vision, the mythical and the contemporary. Thus, the golden essence of modern science encounters a “turquoise amphora” and impressions are recorded on an “epitaph of Graphene”.

**Miriam Neiger-Fleischmann**, Literary Scholar (Ph.D.), poet and painter, Jerusalem, Israel





## The Poems of Fahredin Shehu in *Ormuz*

In the beginning, it felt outlandish, and then in slow *lento* it became familiar. It was the impression I had when I first read the poems of Fahredin Shehu. The feeling of outlandishness was not because I do not know Ormuz, the title of his anthology of poems. It was because I had almost forgotten that this Persian God is well-known throughout the Western world or Europe. He was a famous god, venerated by many people not only in the East, but also in the West, came into the European history together with the emergence of Gnosticism. Both of them had brought the seeds of perennial philosophy to the West as they had to the East.

Such perennial philosophy with Sufistic features is what resonates through Fahredin Shehu's poems in this book. Thus, it was how I began to feel familiar with his poems. His contemplative and meditative poems are beautiful Eastern tones. His poems remind me of Goethe's poems in *Westöstlicher Divan* of two centuries ago.

Goethe's poems were mainly inspired by the romantic Sufi poems of Hafiz, bountiful in spiritual contemplation. In Eastern poetry (such as Chinese, Indian, Persian, Javanese, etc.), there is one reality of poetry: its function as aesthetic mode to express contemplation of one's spiritual experiences. Eastern poets believe that a true poet never indulges in the reality of daily life and he always yearns for her home in the metaphysic realm.

It seems Shehu is a poet like that too. Like Goethe, he seeks the warmth of life in the contrivances of perennial ambience. Such perennial contrivances see that soils in the world are real through the poet's spiritual observance with his

meditative experiences. This is my impression when I read Shehu's poems.

**Abdul Hadi Wiji Muthari**, Professor of Islamic Philosophy and Literature (University Paramadina, Jakarta, Indonesia)



In the Light of Ormuz

The title of this book, *Ormuz*, is derived from an ancient kingdom and one of most important cities of the East, which controlled trading routes through the Persian Gulf to China, India, and East Africa. The name might be even older, derived from Ashura Mazda, the Persian God of Light. Shehu has long been known for his interest in Sufi mystics. In this pantheistic collection of poems, he becomes truly global, merging the past and the present. Shehu's world is a world between two ears but also a cosmos. He brings eons back to life and to the life of his reader. The sky re-acquires its blueness. He counts tiny little happinesses. He asks for the mercy for confused men. The reader should benefit from his generosity and his power of poetic transformation.

One of the best poets writing in the Albanian language today.

**PhD Vladimir Pištalo**, Author  
Becker College, Worcester, Massachusetts



## A Masterpiece of Theurgic Power

*Ormus for the Soul*, Fahredin Shehu's new collection of poems is arriving in a rough and tumble time for poetry. It will have to cut its way to readers through consumerists

"even water is bitter", everything has to be photogenic to be worthy of notice. But Shehu's poetry, being structured to wake up not to be a lullaby, is profoundly forceful. In his poem titled "Integration", he ironically points out that "still none can order a meal with algorithm/ but solely by word." This book is in fact a brave defense of the power of word, that is a defense of poetry against this world of technological supremacy and widely endorsed ideology that empirical evidence is the sole truth and not only of science. Shehu in his poems superbly challenges this established if not dogmatic attitude. He confesses in one of his poems that first he himself was his own challenge and through that experience he has discovered that a great part of this world exists only as sensual evidence and can be measured and expressed only by virtue of Theurgists of Word. Being one of them, he shares with us this book of his sensual evidence as the sole truth. I salute this wonderful theurgic work of complex, lyrically subtle, and imaginatively rich poetry. The heedfully composed stanzas, strophes and verses are fully charged, first with the stream of love of all worlds, then by surmise, blissful inflective and reflective passages, aromatic memories, remnants of a distant past, and all that expressed in magnificently rich language.

As poetical bravado of harmony, rhythm and metaphorical power this book makes a compulsory reading. Believing in the magnanimous extent of poetical capacities, Shehu named this book *Ormus* (elixir) *for the Soul*, provocatively evoking the three Zoroastrian components of life, Ahura (spirit), being the first of them. Yes, our time utterly needs poetry elixirs by the Theurgists of the Word.

I doubt that he who does not pay attention to the theurgic power of the word would be able to comprehend the plenitude of any truth.

**Vida Ognjenovic**, Professor of Dramaturgy, Global PEN  
Vice President, Belgrade, Serbia

Other Books  
by the  
Author

*Available at:*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)  
and other fine bookstores





*The author's books listed below have been published by Inner Child Press, AKA Inner Child Press International.*

*HERENOW* (January 7, 2019)

*Neon Child* (February 14, 2018)

*Bonds* (December 1, 2016)

*Maelstrom. The Four Scrolls of an Illyrian Sage*  
(October 7, 2014)

*Plemora's Dew* (April 2, 2012)







# HERENOW



FAHREDIN SHEHU

*Available at*

Inner Child Press.com

# *Neon Child*

Selected Poems



*Fahredin Shehu*

*Available at*

Inner Child Press.com

# Bonds

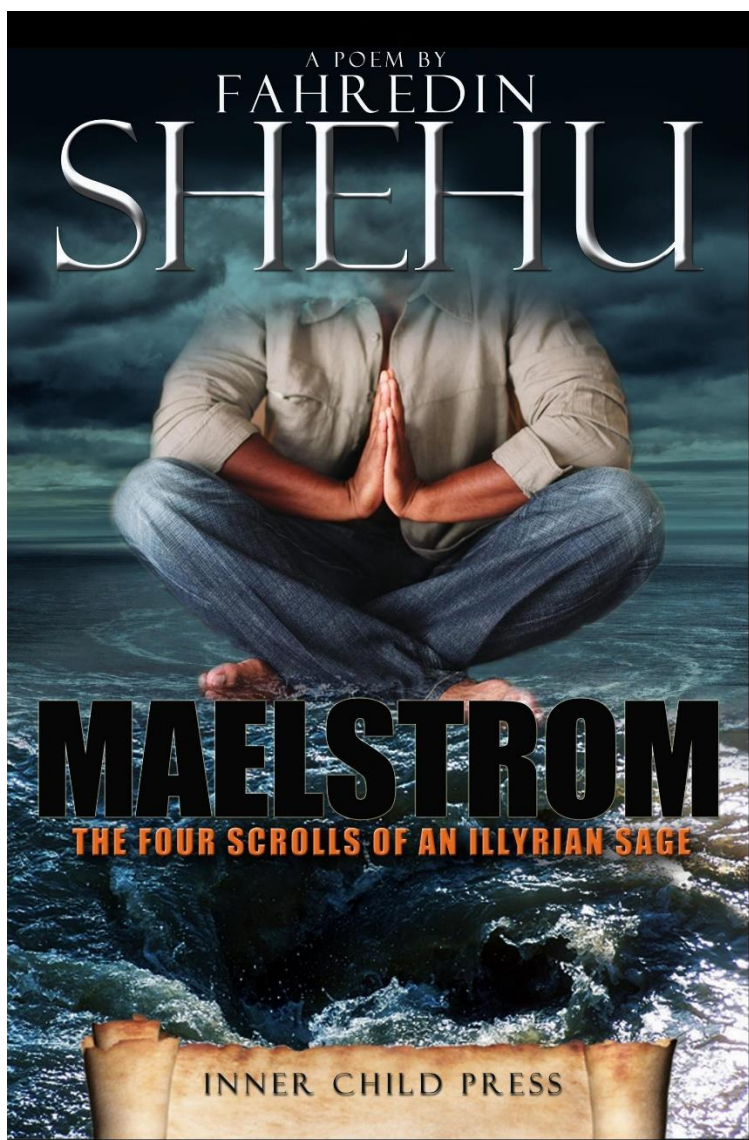
selected poems



*Fahredin Shehu*

*Available at*

Inner Child Press.com



*Available at*

[Inner Child Press.com](http://InnerChildPress.com)



# Pleroma's Dew

*the Poetry of*  
Fahredin Shehu

*Available at*  
Inner Child Press.com





## About the Artist

A multimedia artist based in Hamburg, Germany, Shuk Orani has shown his work in Germany and beyond, participating in exhibitions and art fairs throughout European countries and China. As one of the most distinguished painters, he was invited to the Contemporary Art Gallery in Beijing, Louvre Museum in Paris, and Galleria Farini Concept in Italy. Some of his first projects have materialized by demand from luxury boutique hotels and various art studios. He also accommodated boundary transcending, creating artworks for a theatre group.

Orani has also developed some art concepts, some of which have been integrated into various institutions. Predominantly working with oil paintings on canvas, he has had a series of graphic and digital creations as well, sculptures, photographs which often give the viewer the impression of an intimate blink to continuous productivity, as colourful as large scale and perceptibly erotic.

Orani himself is inspired by positive surroundings and the creative capacity of the human being. He believes deeply in art to benefit life with its moving, demanding and satisfying power. His playful manner gives birth to exciting creations, encompassing moods, atmospheres and an inner discourse involving the complex and the simple.



# Shuk Orani

## *Ormus Book Cover*

Hamburg, Germany. Transc. In TT TT – Art Project, 2018  
Oil on canvas 150 x 200 cm, SO-2018

## *Upcoming Exhibitions*

2020, April – A New York Art Gallery (New York, USA)

2020, May – National Museum of Kosovo (Prishtina, Kosovo)

2020, November – Mark Rothko Museum (Europe & Latvia)

## *A Selection of Past Exhibitions*

2019, December – Atelier Shuk Orani, Personal Exhibition

2019, November – Arte Padova (Italy)

2019, November – Personal Exhibition (Hamburg, Germany)

2019, September – Art Zurich International

2016, August – Moca Museum of Contemporary Art (Beijing)

2015, November – “A Moving Identity” (Cambridge, UK)

2015, December – Galleria Farini (Bologna, Italy)



2015 – Seme, Exposure Photography Award Musée Du Louvre (France)

2015 – Bo Hotel (Hamburg, Germany)

2014 – Exprimere Art Gallery Carapostol (Venice, Italy)

2014 – Arte Padova (Padova, Italy)

2013 – Atelier S. Orani, St. Georg (Hamburg, Germany)

2012 – Swiss Diamond Gallery (Lugano, Switzerland)

2013 – Gallery Z (Vienna, Austria)

2012 – Swiss Diamond Hotel (Prishtina, Kosovo)

2011 – “Ras” National Theater Kosovo (Prishtina, Kosovo)

2009 – Move Sprechwerk Theatre (Hamburg, Germany)

2008 – Gloria Gallery (Hamburg, Germany)

2008 – Art Willa Wedel (Hamburg, Germany)

2007 – BDF Gallery (Hamburg, Germany)

2005 – Palazzo Gallery (Poreč, Croatia)

### *Long-term Exhibitions*

Hotel Palazzo Poreč (Corporate Art) Croatia

Bo Hotel Hamburg (Corporate Art Concept) Ger Rdl Real Estate (Luzern, Switzerland)

Swiss Diamond Hotel (Corporate Art Concept) Integrated Art Concept (Prishtina, Kosovo and Lugano, Switzerland)

Lesna InDesign (Prishtina, Kosovo)

Integradet Art Concept Private Equity and Investments (Germany)

### *Art Projects, Integrated Art Concepts*

2015 – “In2” Oil on Canvas Works Integrated in Engineering Office (Hamburg, Germany)

2013 – “Art & B” Integrated Art Concept, Bo Hotel (Hamburg, Germany)

2012 – “Sdh” Integrated Art Concept, Swiss Diamond Hotel (Prishtina, Kosovo and Lugano, Switzerland)

2011 – “Pca” Integrated Art Concept, Grand Hotel Palazzo (Poreč, Croatia)

2010 – “Ind-L/Pr” Integrated Art Concept, Lesna Interior Design (Prishtina, Kosovo)

### *Art Projects: Art, Culture and Research*

2019-20 – “Transcendence & Transformation”, Art Project with Gerd Leins

2017-18 – “8 New Scenes of Qingdao”, in collaboration with the Asia Institute within the University of Hamburg & Langyi Museum, Qingdao

2011 – “Ras” Renaissance of Scenic Art in collaboration  
with the National Ballet of Kosovo

Exhibition, The National Theater of Kosovo

Picture Book and Cultural Concept

2009 – “Move” Project, in collaboration with Cdsh,  
Contemporary Dance School

Exhibition, Hamburg and Sprechwerk Theater

Picture Book

# Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a publishing company founded and operated by writers. Our personal publishing experiences provide us an intimate understanding of the sometimes-daunting challenges writers, new and seasoned may face in the business of publishing and marketing their creative “Written Work”.

For more information:

*Inner Child Press*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

[intouch@innerchildpress.com](mailto:intouch@innerchildpress.com)



*Inner Child Press International*

*'building bridges of cultural understanding'*

202 Wiltree Court, State College, Pennsylvania 16801